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Psychopathy is sexy









Chapter 1 by Sohum

There she was, in all her glory. Rarely had I seen such a brilliantly shaped organism. A millennium of evolution had sharpened her family line to bring this excellent apparition before me.

Of course, society scolds us for judging based on physical attributes. Maybe it was because we lived in a modern world, with no more physical challenges. No more survival of the fittest, no longer a constant fight for survival. All I can attest to is that the male brain is wired to find some beings attractive, and some not guite as much. Who am I to guestion the ways of nature? I am different of course. In my eyes, different is good. Genetic variation allows for greater immunities, and shared benefits. It seems in my case I simply don't care. Call it antisocial, call it sociopathic, I don't care. Literally.

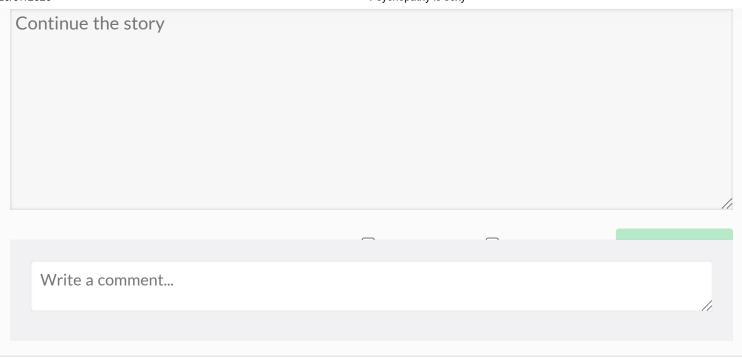
What was different today, was that I did care- even in only slightly. This girl managed to peak my interests. Not by her laugh, or cute smile, - rather it was her effortless manipulation. Psychopathy is sexy.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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